

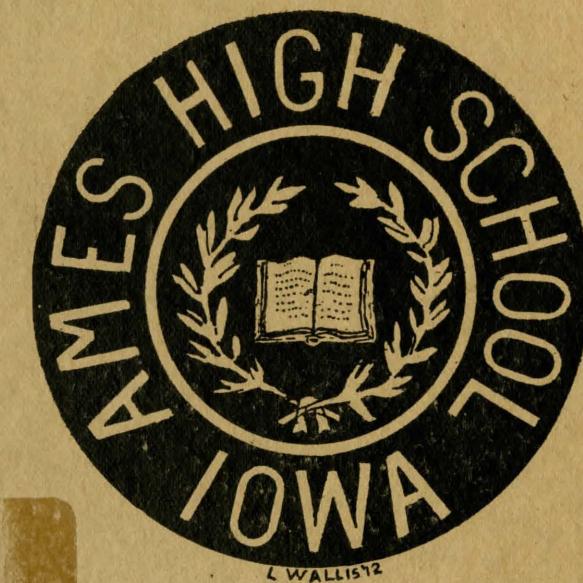


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THE SPIRIT



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VOL. 2

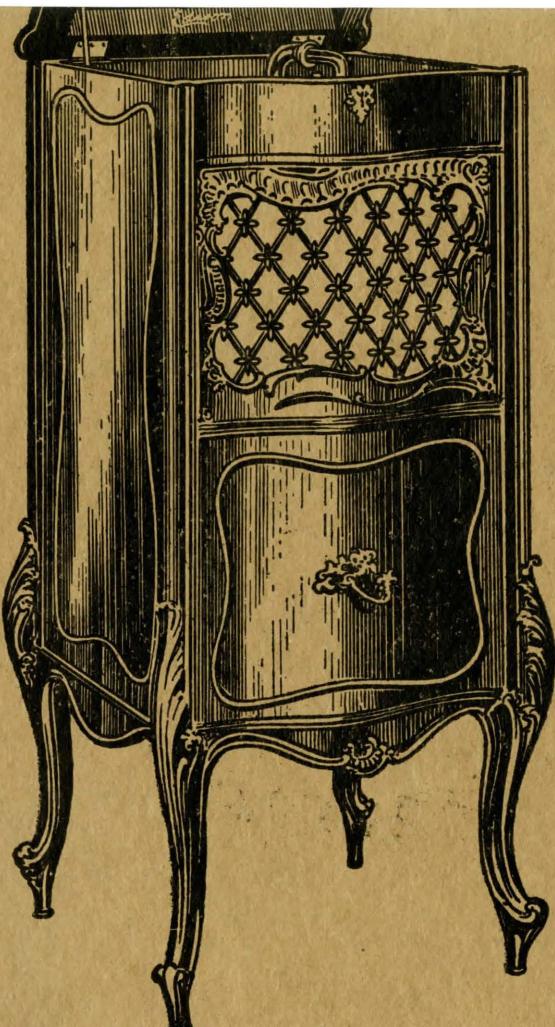
FEBRUARY 1913

NO. 2



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THE SPIRIT

Vol. 2

FEBRUARY 1913

No. 2

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Editor-in-Chief	Gertrude Sunderlin
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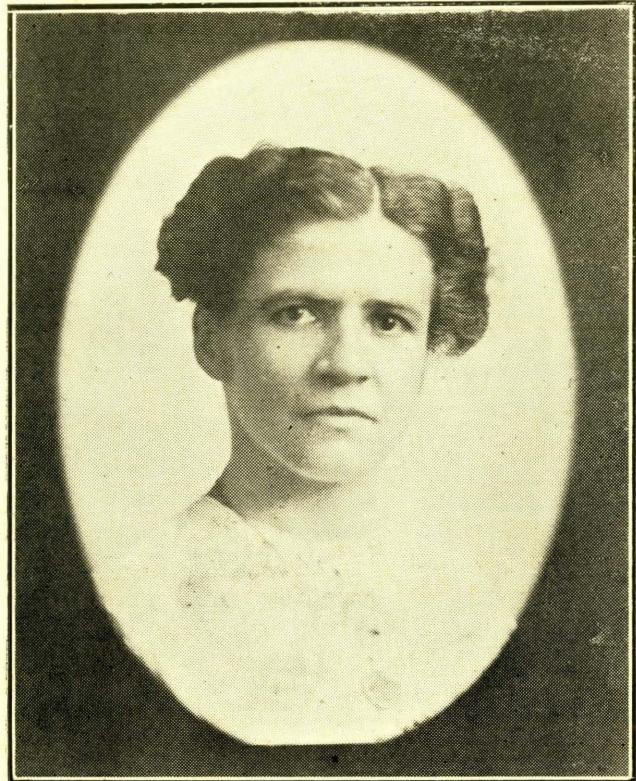
Class—
Edith Read
Loyal Thomas
Judson Zentmire
Lura Gamble

Neotrophian—
Cora Willey

Musical—
Margaret Noble

Athletic—
Marie Ferguson
Datus Proper

Exchange—
Myra Wasser



Because of the noble services rendered and the patience and kindness shown by our friend and teacher, Miss Wakefield, this issue of the Spirit is affectionately and sincerely dedicated to her. She has always been more than willing to help us in every way and she has left us now only to go to a position where she can influence more lives and do good to more young people.

EDITORIAL

The first issue of the "Spirit" was made up mostly of the work of the staff and reporters only and there were not many suggestions given by any other than these. To have the best kind of a paper everyone should contribute and give all the suggestions possible. The high school paper is not supposed to be composed of the ideas or material collected by only a few of the students but is a place where everyone is supposed to show their literary talent (?) Many of the students are afraid to offer suggestions, fearing they will injure someone's "feelin's" but the staff thinks they have strong enough will power so that if they do not like the suggestions given they will make the best of them and try to help the paper along. Many of you students have not yet subscribed for the "Spirit" and you, whoever you are, better get busy and send in your subscription for the rest of the issues. If anyone who has been to a party, bob-ride or something similar will either let the "What's Doin'" editor know about it or slip it into the "box" at the back of the Study Hall you will perhaps be blessed everlastingly by the "Spirit" itself.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" was a rule of conduct given for the guidance of the youth by the almighty when the world was young. That was before school boards were invented and teachers were discovered or the latter would doubtless have been included in that divine injunction, not because the thoughtless might consider the command in the light of respect to the aged, although age is ever to be respected and teachers are not always young; but because honor is a tribute due to service, sacrifice and devotion. Today the labor of the old time parent is shifted for many hours daily to the school teacher, whose duty it becomes to mould the character, direct the impulses, restrain the passions and guide the foot steps of the child in the way they should ever go. Hence "The Spirit" insists that the twentieth century version of that divine command should read, "Honor thy father, thy mother, and thy teacher, although you may not be able to get out of those exams."

Our advertisers make the "Spirit" possible; in return, let us make their advertising profitable. It is generally understood that merchants advertise in High School papers because they

feel kindly toward them rather than that they expect to be benefitted by doing so. The way to change this sentiment in Ames is to notice who advertise in the "Spirit" and patronize them. Let us make it worth while to advertise in the "Spirit" and let us make our advertising pay. This would make life much easier for our industrious business Manager.

In behalf of the staff and all interested in the "Spirit's" success we wish to thank the Juntos and Dissenters who took part in "The Heavenly Twins" and the teachers who assisted them and thus made the "Spirit" possible this year. The play was a good one and the parts well taken.

We neglected to mention that someone had kindly dropped a penny in the box for "Spirit" contributions. Although we did not expect that kind of support through the box, we appreciated someone's generosity and forethought. Julius says he knows where it is needed. "Let the good work continue."



ATHLETIC

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The class games have been very successful and have been an aid in picking material for the team to represent the High School as well as to fill the coffers of the Athletic Association.

The games were all played at night and quite a little excitement and fun resulted from them. Holmes, a former Sioux City athletic acted as referee for all the games and he enforced clean playing and the players who had not studied the rules carefully, gleaned a little knowledge of them.

The first game was played on January 20th between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The game was rather loosely played at first but they finally settled down the Freshmen being a little superior in team work and basket shooting won by a score of 18-14.

The second game was played the next evening between the Sophomores and Seniors. The Sophomores showed a great improvement in team work and basket shooting while the Seniors although having many chances seemed unable to shoot the baskets and the Sophs won 21-6.

The next night the Juniors met the "Preps" and in a close and exciting game the Juniors won by superior team work followed up by good basket shooting. In the minds of many this game was sort of a deciding game as to who was to win the inter-class championship. McNeil of the Freshmen created quite a sensation by making twenty points by himself. The final score was 28-24 in favor of the Juniors. Thomas, Brintnall and Hart starred for the Juniors.

The Juniors and Sophomores and the Freshmen and Seniors played the next evening. The Juniors defeated the Sophomores by steady and good playing on the part of all the team. The Sophomores played a good game, Ricketts, Pammel, Wygle, Zentmire and Meltzer all doing good work but they were unable to overcome the Juniors playing. Score 26-17.

The Preps walloped the Seniors in a fast and well played game, "Pecky" McNeil doing stellar work as usual aided by Quade, Williams, Elliot and Lissenden. "Shine" Williams of the Seniors did good work on free basket shooting but the Seniors were out classed in team work and basket shooting from the field. The final score was 22-10.

The last game between the Juniors and Seniors was scheduled for Friday evening but it was postponed until Monday. This game was decided in the minds of many as an inevitable

victory for the Juniors and it proved to be a victory although not quite such an overwhelming one as some expected. The game was fast and full of "Pep" and better team work was in evidence than in the preceding games. It was a fairly close game at the end of the first half, the score being 11-2. But the Seniors were very weak on basket shooting and thus were unable to keep up and the Juniors won 28-13. Hart, Thomas and Brintnall did stellar playing on the part of the Juniors while Jones, Williams and Greenlee did well for the Seniors. This game decided the inter-class games. The Juniors won first place by winning all their games, the Freshmen second losing only one game, the Sophomores third losing two games and the Seniors came along at the end by losing all their games. The respective teams were (Juniors) forwards, Hart and Thomas; center, Storey; guards, Davis and Brintnall. (Freshmen) forwards, Williams and Lissenden; center, McNeil; guards, Quade and Elliott. (Sophomores) forwards, Ricketts and Dunning, center, Meltzer; guards, Pammel and Wygle. (Seniors) forwards, Williams and Griffith; center, Gleason; guards, Jones and Greenlee.

BOYS GYMNASIUM WORK

Gymnasium work will be given the boys, Tuesday, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week under the instruction of Mr. Roach.

HONOR FOOTBALL AWARDS

The Athletic association will not give sweaters to those who won their monogram according to the custom in former years, but honor pins will be awarded instead to the seniors who have won their "A's" (i.e.- Raymond Jones, Clarence Gleason, Harry Greenlee and Joseph Gerbracht. The others will wait until next year for their pins and blankets will be purchased with a part of this years proceeds.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

The inter-class games of the season have created much interest and excitement for the past two weeks. The girls games have all been played and the seniors came off as victors.

The first game which was between the Seniors and Sophomores ended in a score of 17 to 9. Next came the Junior vs. Freshmen game in which the Juniors went down to ignominious defeat. The honor now lay between the Freshmen and the Seniors. Naturally this game held the most interest and it was also the hardest fought. The Freshmen were unusually good. Winifred Raymond and Mabel Wheeler deserve special notice for the quickness and accuracy they displayed and also the excellent team work which they maintained.

Violet and Velma, the guards for the Seniors did excellent work and we do not believe were ever before forced to play harder against an opposing team. Gertrude, the seniors only new player, showed up very well and aided "Curt" considerably in center, where perhaps the fight was hardest. However, "Curt" has never failed her team yet, even against such surprises as the Freshmen centers. The basket throwers were the only ones who fell short. The team work of the Senior forwards was noticeable for its absence, while one of the Freshmen forwards had two fingers done up in splints, practically leaving the Freshman with one forward and a half against two veterans of the game. The final score was 22 to 9 in favor of the Seniors. The line ups were as follows:

Seniors—Forwards, Marie Ferguson and Mary Darner; guards, Violet Pammel and Velma Griffith; center, Edith Curtiss; side center, Gertrude Sunderlin.

Freshmen—Forwards, Gladys Ricketts and Helen Holden; guards, Harriett Kelso and Winifred Raymond; center, Anna Wilcox; side center, Mabel Wheeler.

Juniors—Forwards, Helen King and Violet McDonald; guards, Bernice Easterly and Lula Keigley; Center, Feryl center, Lollie Loughran; side center, Lisette Meltzer.

Sophomores—Forwards, Hester Crosby and Therza Stull; Jones; side center, Leveta Auld.

Poet Tree

Oak, Caroline! fir you I pine;
O, willow, will you not be mine?
Thy hazel eyes, thy tulips red.
Thy ways, all larch have turned my head;
All linden shadows by the gate,
I cypress on my heart and wait;
Then gum! be cherished, Caroline;
We'll fly from elms by bliss divine.
O spruce young man! I cedar plan—
Catalpa's money if you can:
You sumach ask, but not my heart;
You're evergreen so now depart,
You'll like to poplar, that I see
Birch you walnut proposed to me
Here's pa! you'll see helmlock the gate;
He maple litely say "tis late."
Locust that lovyer, whille he flew
For elms before that varents shoe;
He little thought a dogwood bite
And make him balsam much that night,
Hawthorne path he traveled o'er,
And he was sick and sycamore.

On the evening of February 6 our basket ball team was defeated by the Jefferson five by the score of 48 to 8. The game was frequented by rough playing and several times during the game Referee Hyland was forced to call fouls on the respective players. A great amount of credit must be given to Thomas the newly elected captain for the fighting spirit he showed, and he with the other four men deserve praise for the spirit they showed although at no time in the game could they overcome the lead of the victors. Mention must be made of the playing of Pates and Jaques for Jefferson for time after time they would make difficult shots from nearly any place on the floor.

One of the most interesting if not the most exciting games that will be played this season was played on the evening of Feb. 12, when the fast Nevada team was able, but not until after a hard fight, to defeat our speedy five by the score of 24 to 18.

The game was looked forward to by many Ames students and when the game was called at least twenty loyal rooters were there to cheer their team through the game. The hard feeling between Ames and Nevada has vanished as far as this game was concerned for no time was there any great amount of rough playing visible. The entire Ames team showed a very marked improvement since the Jefferson game and by the time the season closes we ought to have a team able to hold its own with any team in this part of the state. Nevada was forced to do their best, and several times during the later part of the game they made numerous substitutions in order to keep up with the pace the Ames team were setting.

For Ames Captain Thomas and McNeil must be given credit as they went through the entire game without slacking their speed and with the help of Greenlee, Ricketts and Gleason, all of whom did creditable work, were able to fight their opponents till the whistle blew.

Every one is satisfied with our team's showing and every student in school should encourage the team by coming to every game they possibly can, and showing the team that we appreciate the work they are doing and the pleasures they sacrifice for Ames High as a whole will in the end receive the credit for the work the team is doing at the present time.

Ames	Nevada
Thomas	R. F.
Ricketts	L. F.
Gleason	C.
Greenlee	R. G.
McNeil	L. G.

Referee—Hackett of Ames.

A Million Dollar Trap

Rosa Cromwell laid the letter down and crossed her hands; her mouth formed a straight resolute line and two tiny wrinkles grew between her dark eyebrows. Her roommate looked up doubtfully at her clouded face and remarked:

"Is it such bad news, Rosa?"

"Bad news indeed, it means my quitting college and taking up my life in a desolate forsaken country; where nothing but Indians and wolves dwell," and she shuddered at the spoken thoughts:

"Well wha are you going to do?"

"Nell Weston, what could I do? Starve." No! I'll show my relatives who are living that I can do something. Do? Why I mean to follow the lines of that will to the last letter even if I do have to live for three years on a homestead in the coldest place in the world."

"But surely you wont go alone, wont anyone go with you?" asked Nell her blue eyes wide.

"Only Uncles old darky servants Delia and George. Yes and Jane. I don't suppose I'll have anything to do. My reveries no doubt will be broken in upon by a wolf yell once in a while. Oh! It sounds very romantic and all that but, its no doubt a spooky place where ghosts walk around all the time, and where the Indians sing you to sleep. It will surely be entertaining," exclaimed Rosa bitterly but her mouth formed a straighter line and the wrinkles deepened between her eyebrows.

"Well I wouldn't be you for worlds, even though you do get a few mil'.on dollars, so there!" said Nell shaking her fair head.

"Im not afraid; Delia and George were there with Uncle Bert for two years. He built a beautiful modern bungalow there and even has a gas plant on his homestead or thaths what Delia said. I'm hoping it will be comfortable at least."

"Yes very, with a yelling Indian at your door ready to scalp you the moment you step out," said Nell rising to her feet and crossing to the window from which she could see the beautiful college grounds. "It must be awful for you to leave this place —really if I were you I should not go unless——"

"Unless I wanted to starve—Why Nell I haven't a cent outside my allowance Uncle gave me and you know my relatives—I have five living, three cousins, a step brother who you know don't care if I starve, and a step mother who is the same way, —so I'm going there and if I lose my horrid old black hair why I don't care—so be it!" and Rosa stamped her foot to give emphasis to her words.

"Why Rosa Cromwell are you going crazy and you know

very well that the loss of your hair would spoil your face—why will you be so careless?" cried Nell facing her friend.

"Well!" and Rosa sprang up and tossed back her dark curly head. "I'm going tomorrow,—Jane is packing now and I leave at three in the afternoon to meet my fate, so there's no use arguing. I'm going, I am, I am?" and with that she fled from the room.

* * * * *

A week later Rosa alighted from the train in a small town of the province of Alberta, Canada. Two black servants followed with their arms filled with bundles and after them came a plainly dressed young woman who no doubt was her maid.

"George is that Mr. Cromwell's man there?" asked Rosa indicating a tall lank plainsman who now came toward them.

"Yas, miss, dat's him, come along honey chile," and George went toward the wagon while the plainsman advanced with a noiseless tread and asked in a slow drawling voice if it was Miss Cromwell he was speaking to.

"Yes, and do we go in that wagon?" she asked looking at the vehicle doubtfully.

"Wall, yes, unless you want an auto and I can't get that here so you will go in the wagon or——"

"All right, will you please put the trunks in, and where will I sit? In the front?" she asked in an even voice though her face burned.

"Yes the rest can sit in the back, ready,—wal go along Jip, get up Jack." There was a sharp crack of a whip, a grind of wheels and they started on the twenty-nine mile ride. The man talked little, and smoked a great deal, a proceeding which Rosa hated, and she looked darkly at him—looks which had no effect on him for he smoked in stoled silence but she liked his strong dark face with its gray eyes and square cut chin.

At last unable to bear the silence she asked slowly, "Will you tell me Mr. _____," she paused "why I don't even know your name," she said in dismay.

"Bill, just plain Bill," drawled the man shifting his feet. She looked at him with uplifted eyebrows—but he looked straight ahead—at last her eyes narrowed and she said steadily though it cost an effort. "Well, Bill, is that a rainstorm coming?"

"Snow!"

"Snow in August? Why in New York it never snows until _____."

"Never snows?" asked the startled plainsman.

"Not until in November—but will it snow before we reach home?" she asked with anxiety in her voice.

"No it's hardly likely, but that's a snowstorm coming, but we'll be there in a few hours, and, when you step into that bungalow, you'll forget snow," said Bill calmly and silence fell. The wagon jolted over the rough trail until Rosa could

have cried out in distress she was so tired, but at last, they reached the place, and when they rounded a bend in the trail and came upon the winding drive, which led up to a beautiful bungalow set in the midst of the forest, she cried in delight. She forgot her weariness and scrambled unaided from the wagon and ran like a little girl up to the door where a bright eyed little woman met her. At sight of her, Rosa paused and then laughed easily as Bill who walked up said with his lazy drawl, "My wife, Miss Cromwell, and Lizzie you better show Miss Cromwell her room. She's tired I reckon," and he walked noiselessly away to tend his horses.

"I'm glad I'm here" said Rosa after she had looked the little eight roomed house over. "I thought I wouldn't like it but I do and this sitting room is beautiful,—dear Uncle, I suppose it cost a lot," and her eyes traveled from the glowing fire place and rested happily upon the piano. Every thing spoke of wealth and comfort an ideal home but she did not know the country nor whether it was ideal or not.

* * * * *

"Well," remarked Rosa as she stood at her window looking out over the snow covered ground. "This certainly is a queer country snowing in August and I had planned to walk out and look around today—but—I cant," and she looked with dismay at her slippers feet.

The storm Bill Harding had predicted had come in the night. Once she had wakened with fear clutching at her heart for she had heard close by a long drawn howl, beginning weakly, rising to a scream, and ending in a trembling choking note. A cry which set her trembling and sobbing until, Delia, Jane and little Mrs. Harding had to come and soothe her, and stay close by her for with each scream her terror increased until worn out she sank into a dreamless sleep; waking in the morning with but a vague memory of the night's terror.

The door opened and Jane with her eyes wide open came in with a breathless—"Oh! please Miss Rosa come see the mountains, the sun will soon be up so Mr. Harding says and you must not miss it," and Rosa went to see the most beautiful sight she had ever witnessed.

The western horizon stood out edged by a long line of snow capped mountains. Breathless she watched the long line enshrouded in red and gold like a

"Pshaw, you'll soon be used to them, they can't hurt you," said Bill sleepily.

"Say—There's a young fellow over here a ways west whose a surveyor, mighty handsome, came from New York He may be could show you arond this part of the country. Maybe you know him—Grayson? Why what's the matter?" he broke off quickly for Rosa had given a tiny jump.

(To be concluded.)

LOCAL AND SOCIAL



What's Doing

New Years was ushered in this year by a bunch of Hopefuls who held a watch party and made some beautiful resolutions. Refreshments followed and also an auto ride for a few of the more fortunate.

Hester has had a birthday and now announces that she is sweet sixteen and has never yet———. You can finish it, fellows!

One of our former A. H. S. students, Norma Lee, who has been attending Monticello Seminary in Illinois during this last year, spent Christmas in Ames and several of her friends entertained for her, making the vacation a merry one.

"Curt" spent New Years in Nevada with Grandpa and Grandma.

Word has been received from Miss Schreiner that she will send us a fifty cent contribution to our Spirit subscription list as soon as she finds her check book. Miss Schreiner is attending Leland Stanford University in California and sends us greetings from there.

Jessie Taylor has issued invitations for a party!! We are all waiting breathlessly!

Phyllis Summers left the week after Christmas to spend the winter in Tennessee.

Two new teachers will come to us this semester, Miss Mildred Sprague and Miss Sadie Clark. Miss Sprague is a graduate of Grinnell college and Miss Clark is one of our own Alumnae! We are glad to welcome them!

"Scott" improved his time during vacation by working on

a bridge gang at LaMoille, Iowa. Big own! One store! "Scott" met some new friends and reports a "high old time."

A few of our friends entertained at chafing dish party at the home of Edith Read. Many enjoyed a hilarious time from the outside.

Leonard Wallace '10 has reappeared. "Eggie" expects to take post graduate work and also improve his social polish.

Jules Beach, during valient efforts to extricate himself from a moving car, fell and sprained his ankle. Too bad, Jules!

Miss Bray's habit of being there with the goods served her in good stead this week. She brought her exam questions and arrived two hours earlier than necessary to give an English exam. Luckily no one was there on whom she could vent her . . . feelings.

The sophomores held a meeting last week and decided to have a party for the Juniors. "Go thou and do likewise" being their aim.

The classes passing from the new to the old building have met with a serious difficulty in the shape of a slippery walk. Interested spectators from nearby windows!

It isn't doing yet, people, but don't you think it ought to be? Let's get busy and have a curtain for the stage of our auditorium. What say?

All of our students are now feeling much better for out of the four-sixths of six-sixths of those who had to take their finals, five-ninths flunked not more than eight-fourteenths of the nine-elevenths of the exams they took. Naturally, they are much relieved!

Much wrath! A mistake has been made! One of our alumni has asked that a correction be made in our last edition of the Spirit. The Dissenters were organized in 1905 not on "a Thursday evening in October." See?

Mrs. English, a prominent speaker, gave her lecture to the H. S. girls on last Monday. Mrs. English was brought here by the Parent-Teachers' association and accompanied her lecture by three vocal selections. The girls certainly enjoyed the treat and wish to thank the association.

EXCHANGE

In our last number of "The Spirit" we had no exchange department, for which we wish to apologize. It was our first number this school year and as we had received but few exchanges, we omitted it. However from now on we hope to make our exchange department as interesting as possible.

A love story in three acts:

Act I. Maid one. ?
Act II. Maid won.
Act III. Made one.

LITTLE ODDITIES IN LIFE

The best illustrated paper out—A Bank Note.
How to find a girl out—Call when she isn't in.
Shaky business—Playing with dice.
The worst thing out—Out of cash.
The drawing room—A dentist's office.

Who are the sweethearts of the mermaids? Why, the swells of the ocean.

Teacher: "What became of the leaders of the third crusade?"

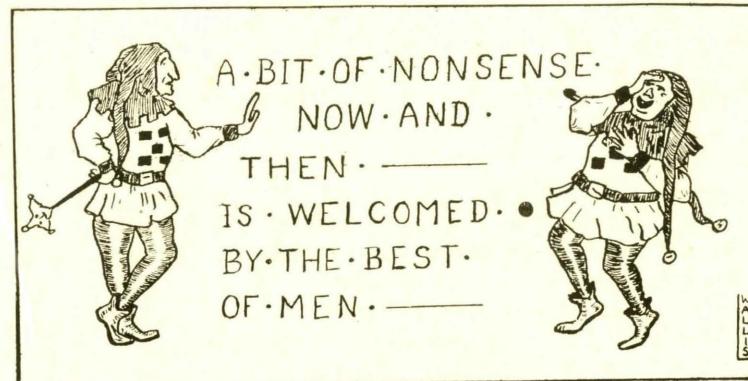
Pupil. "Frederick the first went by land and was drowned."

Pa heard him give his college yell
For joy he could not speak.
He murmured, "Mother, listen
Our Willies talking Greek."

We have been glad to make the following interesting exchanges: The Record, Sioux City; Pebbles, Marshalltown; The Neo, Hawarden; The Scarlet and Black, Centerville; Talk, Maquoketa; The Bulletin, Davenport; The Pulse, Cedar Rapids; The Quill, Marion; The Spectator, Waterloo; The Tatler, West Des Moines; The Student, I. S. C.; The Iowa Alumnus, S. U. I.; Drake Daily Delphic, Drake University.

SLIPS IN GERMAN

Janet. "He wiped the tears from his brow."
Velma G.: "Providence sent a saved angel."
Janet: "I broke the rector's window."



Mary had a little lamp,
A wise one too no doubt,
Whenever Mary's beau came in,
The lamp would sure go out.

Seniors are nothing but Freshmen grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all.

It's no sign a policeman is a musician because he knows how many "bars" there are to a "beat."

"Do you have the Iliad in English?"
Freshman: "No, I have Miss Bray."

Teacher: "Can you tell something very fine and polished, that covers an objectional thing?"
Bright Pupil: "A new pair of shoes."

You can always tell a senior
But you can't tell him very much.

Teacher: "Define vacuum?"
Pupil: "I can't tell what it is, but I have it in my head."

Mr. Bair: "Now just because I like to go to the Princess that's no sign I am going into the business."

Clever chap: "Well I'm glad it's all over."
Dense Dan: "What's all over?"
Clever chap: "Why the sky of course."—Ex.

Wanted, by several Freshmen some red paint to cover up the green.

IS IT NOT SO FELLOWS

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tone
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater
Completer
Is to meet'er
In the moonlight alone.

If Scott wept would the foot ball?

"NUF SED"

You can't make the eye of a needle cry,
You can't deafen an ear of corn,
You can't manicure the hands of a clock,
Or even the finger of scorn.
You can't wipe the mouth of a flowing stream
You can't trim the beard of a hook,
Shoes can't be made for the foot of a hill
Or a wig for the head of a brook.
You can't pull the leg of a yachting cruise,
You can't break the arm of the sea,
You can't hear the hound of a wagon bark
Or even the bark of a tree.—Ex.

Anna Lewis reciting on Holmes: "After he graduated from college he started to take medicine."

Teacher (sternly): "Look here!"
You (?) "I haven't been doin' anything."
Teacher: "That's just it."

Little girl,
Box of paints
Sucked the brush
Joined the saints.

Teacher: "Willie, bring me that gum you have in your desk."

Willie: "I will ma'm but I don't think you like this flavor."

Pete: "I dropped algebra." Did it bust?

Dave Ghrist: "It seems as though I am getting older every day."

Of the druggists of Ames ran a race would Cagwin? Not if Loughran.

If the druggists of Ames ran a race would Cagwin? Not

Mr. Bair: "I enjoyed association with him because he was so foolish."

Guy McNeil in music: "What's a contata? If its something to eat I'm going to stick around."

Miss Payton. "No one can go to the office because its full now."

Hick: "I was just going to ask to go. Used to be I didn't have to ask."

"Did you hear that Jack Johnson beat up his wife?"

"No."

"He got up at six and she got up at seven."

Can a cat fish?

Can a wooden spoon?

Can the fourth of uly?

Can the fourth of July?

POSSIBLY!!

He: "My father wieghed only four pounds at his birth."
She: "Good gracious!! Did he live?"

Did you ever see:

A horse fly across the river?

A banana skin across the street?

A book mark?

An egg beater?

A salt shaker?

A lemon squeezer?

"They are just going to manufacture two kinds of autos this year."

"What are they?"

"Fords and Can't-a-Fords."

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Willie to the well dressed young visitor, "that's Lizzie's cup and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Oh," said the young man as he drained the cup dry, "I feel honored to drink out of Lizzie's cup. Lizzie is your youngest sister isn't she?"

"Not much Lizzie is my dog."

HAPPENSTANCES

Can you remember???

When Gladys forgot to curl her hair?
When "Boots" got an "E" on his card?
When Jane didn't have a case?

"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said an Englishman proudly.

"Faith no," replied the Irishman, "the good God is afraid to trust them in the dark."

An American tourist on the summit of Vesuvius was appaled at the grandeur of the sight, "Great snakes," he exclaimed, "it reminds me of Hades."

"Gad! how you Americans do travel," replied his English friend.

MIRACLES

The dumb man saw a wheel and spoke.
The deaf man saw a flock and herd.
The blind man possessed a plane and saw.

A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE

"What have you in the way of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas ma'am," was the reply.

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife, "they were all nodding."

There was a sign posted on a blacksmith shop which read: "10 miles to Boston. Those who can't read inquire of the blacksmith." An Irishman who was passing by thought it was very funny and laughed a long time but an Englishman who happened by at the same time couldn't see the joke. On meeting Pat a week later he said, "I see this joke now, what if the blacksmith wouldn't be in."

LIES

Ramey Jones has been asked to sing at the next assembly.
Miss Knudson takes extremely long strides for a woman of her size.

It has been discovered that Ella Christenson and Nettie Olsan are of Irish decent.

Robert Barnes shoes are size four.

Miss Payton goes to the Princess weekly.

I stole a kiss the other night
My conscience hurts alack,
I think I'll go again tonight
And put the blamed thing back.

"Habit is hard to overcome," remarked the studious boarder.
"Yes," assented the frivolous one, "take away the first three letters and the whole of it is still there."

SEEN IN A CONCERT GARDEN

Chairs reserved for ladies—Gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated.

There were two negroes sitting on a fence. An old one and a young one. The young one was the old one's son but the old one wasn't the young one's father. What relation was he?

He was a stalwart young German and as he walked into the barn he saluted the owner with "Hey Mister, Vill you job me?"

"Will I what?" answered the farmer.

"Vill you job me? Make me vork yet?"

"Oh, I see, you want a job," said the hearer.

"Well how much do you want a month?"

"Well I tell you if you eat me on the farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty fife I eat myself at Schmidts."

Cora: "I wish I had a cat so I could name it Peter."

Now if you think our jokes are crummy,
Or that they've been long on the shelf,
Just take your own skilful quill in hand
And try to conjure one yourself.

Rogue's Gallery

Name	Alias	Description
Carl M. Bair	"Cub"	Goes to the Princess.
Marion S. Russell	"Fat"	Talks too much.
Jessie C. Taylor	"Bango"	Coy glances
Edith B. Read	"Ede"	Her little giggle.
Henry Geise	"Squaky"	His angelic expression.
Raymond V. Jones	"Chick"	Blushes.
Warren F. McDonald	"Mac"	Tries to affect a pompadour.
Jeannette N. Knapp	"Jane"	Wears a little hood.
Russell A. Barnman	"Rus"	His manly affectations.
Flora I. Tallman	"Tal"	Disloyal to sons of A. H. S.
Harry M. Greenlee	"Scott"	His attempts at singing.
E. Frank Mixa	"Mixy"	Oratorical demeanor.
Eliz. N. Kooser	"Lizzie"	Talks too much "carny."
Emily R. Johnson	"Johnny"	Chirper.
Cora F. Willey	"Circ Bill"	Her fussy manner.
Ronald J. Allen	"Sis"	Mincing steps.

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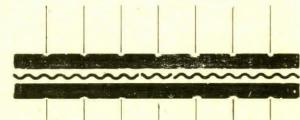
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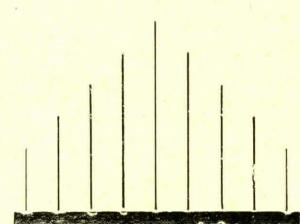
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